THE
NATION

MARCH 8, 1958 . . 25c

A PAGAN SERMON to the CHRISTIAN CLERGY

by C. Wright Mills

REVENGE of the CAR-OWNER

by Milton Moskowitz

A WAY OUT of the BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

by Jackson Toby

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LETTERS

Prisoners in China

Dear Sirs: It was a sad disappointment to read in the January 25 *Nation* such a review as that by Donald S. Taylor of Allyn and Adele Rickett's *Prisoners of Liberation*. . . . His review quite misses the central interest and significance of the book, both as a moving personal record of psychological travail under extraordinarily difficult conditions, and as a uniquely informative account of the techniques which the Chinese Communists call "thought reform" and we ourselves term "brainwashing." Regardless of whether or not one agrees with the Ricketts' own evaluation of the acts for which they were imprisoned as really constituting "espionage," it is difficult not to be impressed by the unflinching honesty and sincerity with which they narrate what happened and what they thought during long years of isolation from everyone and everything formerly known to them.

Of all this, Mr. Taylor's review gives only a hint. Instead, he devotes its greater bulk to an indictment of what he considers the failure of the Ricketts to defend democracy more strongly, and the "enthusiasm" with which, in prison, they came to "indulge in the methodical destruction of human dignity's last resort—a man's opinion of himself." Mr. Taylor shows himself curiously insensitive to the difficulties of conducting such a defense when isolated from the rest of the world in such an ideological environment as that wherein the Ricketts found themselves. . . . He seems not to realize how hard it is to defend, even against non-Communist critics abroad, the often rather intangible virtues of a democracy whose most conspicuous manifestations, in the eyes of such critics, commonly consist of McCarthyism, Little Rock, "brinkmanship" à la Dulles, and other excrescences of an analogous nature, both past and present. . . .

Perhaps even more misleading than the review itself is the headline, "Underdeveloped Americans," which your review editor has chosen to give it. . . .

DERK BODDE
Professor of Chinese
University of Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: . . . I am annoyed by Mr. Taylor's condescending sneer and perceptive bias toward *Prisoners of Liberation*. Fundamentally the Ricketts were faced with this dilemma: the moral problem of the primacy of self-interest or group interest.

Our economy is based on self-interest. . . . The challenging of this idea by the concept of the primacy of group interest is the essence of what Mr. Taylor dubbed "brainwashing." Both cultures, ours and the Chinese, lay claim to democracy, and Mr. Taylor's final complaint, "If our citizens can say no more for democracy than the Ricketts said, then democracy has become inert for them," is really invalid.

The point that seemed to escape Mr. Taylor is this: the Ricketts were not called on to defend the idea of democracy; they were called on to defend the realities of capitalism. And this they were not able to do. . . .

DAVID BERNOFSKY

Brooklyn, New York

Reviewer's Answer

Dear Sirs: First, the Ricketts did not ask for my sympathy. They asked that I rejoice with them over their change of heart. But I cannot rejoice over a process which deprives a human being of his dignity and his individual moral freedom and responsibility. I tried to show, by extensive quotation and analysis, that the Ricketts underwent such a process. Second, I did refer quite specifically to the insights into present Chinese attitudes and methods offered by this "painful . . . honest and useful" book. Third, I attempted to indict, not the Ricketts, but the American education which left a vacuum where their political, moral and social principles ought to have been. If these principles are less tangible than McCarthyism, Little Rock and our foreign policy, then let us make them more tangible—and let us understand them.

Mr. Bernofsky thinks the Ricketts underwent an economic experience. I find this view untruthful and in bad taste. I think they were called upon to defend not only the ideals of democracy and the realities of capitalism, but also the integrity of their personalities. In each case they declined. I'd guess that Mr. Bernofsky has a pretty good idea of what I mean by democracy, whatever the Chinese may mean, but let me be this explicit: my idea of democracy would not include the four-year expunging of a weak and resourceless human being's individuality, not even in the name of group interest. *Group* was once a warm word: of late it has become rather chilling, and I should advise Mr. Bernofsky to reach for himself when someone begins to urge the group upon him.

DONALD S. TAYLOR

Seattle, Washington

[The title of the review, to which Dr. Bodde objects, was not intended as a jibe at the Ricketts but as an allusion to the lack of social conviction now too general among Americans. We believe that in the context of the review this reading is evident.—The Editors.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Missile Nightmare

The United States and Great Britain have solemnly signed an agreement for installation of a secret number of Thor "city-busting" missiles—sixty, so the reports go—in Britain and Scotland. The cities to be busted are, naturally, in the Soviet Union.

The Thor is a typically unstable, liquid-fueled rocket of low reliability, unknown accuracy and high launching time, an almost ideal combination from the standpoint of the putative enemy. Minister of Defense Duncan Sandys, although somewhat embarrassed by Laborite questioning, declared that the Thor was in its "final stage of development" and "we are quite satisfied that it will be a satisfactory weapon." High administrators are often more easily satisfied than engineers—until the device is put to use. The defects that are never discovered until after extensive field experience are numerous and unpredictable. The American engineer who will be responsible for manufacturing the Thors, and the Anglo-American squadrons charged with launching them, may be less confident than Mr. Sandys.

The arrangements for launching the Thors are almost as involved as the missiles themselves. To calm British fears and salve British pride, it is announced that the bases will be manned by R.A.F. squadrons after training in the United States. But since some desperate situation to which the public is not privy requires that the missiles be launched by the end of this year, and it takes eighteen to twenty-four months to train an IRBM crew, the bases may at first be manned by Americans. The thermonuclear warheads will remain under American control. The British and American Governments will collaborate at the highest levels—"joint positive decision of the two Governments"—before a missile is launched. If what appears to be a Russian missile swims into the ken of some radar watcher of the skies, a Thor will be fueled, armed and released with the personal blessing of the President of the United States and Her Majesty's First Minister, even if it is necessary to wake these gentlemen out of a sound sleep. Since the transit time of a westbound IRBM—if the Russians kindly refrain from jamming the radar and the missile is sighted immediately after launching—will be less than fifteen minutes, this will require remarkable speed in communication, even for these days.

Nothing is said about what will happen if the presumed missile should turn out to be a meteorite or some unfortunate artifact of the long-range radar, and the Russians, not realizing that it was all an honest error, should retaliate in kind. Then the British, not to speak of the rest of civilization, would have real occasion to look back in anger.

Bully for *Time*

No weekly is more widely used in American classrooms than *Time*, particularly in journalism classes, and the reason is not hard to identify. *Time* is a clever publication and, as such, it can be used to illustrate how best to execute difficult editorial maneuvers. For example, the young journalism student must learn how to reverse editorial positions with so much dash and elegance that the reader—dazzled by the performance—forgets the record. On this score *Time* has no peer. The current issue opens as usual with a section on The Presidency; the subheads read: "President Stays by Fireside Again," "Eisenhower Goes for Auto Ride." Several columns of waspish comment devoted to the President's feeble leadership and waning health culminate with this tart passage:

> "You do not have a sick, ailing old man," says one of the President's close associates. "The country can continue to put its trust in him on the big decisions." But if allowed to slide, small problems can snowball into major cases, e.g., the present economic recession, and it is in this area that the President's inability to ride constant herd is most felt.

But who was it that induced this "sick, ailing old man" to seek a second term after two major illnesses? "He got a roar of happy acclaim when, looking fit and ruddy, he proclaimed: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I feel fine'" (*Time*, September 14, 1956). "The Eisenhower health issue has been knocked out by Ike's robust appearance" (*Time*, October 15, 1956). ". . . His health was never an important issue in the campaign. One big reason: everywhere he went, the people saw a picture of good, vigorous, glowing health" (*Time*, November 12, 1956).

Now, in terms of classroom use, the practical journal-

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istic problem posed is this: how, having endorsed this "sick, ailing old man" for reelection, does one go about suggesting, one year later, that he should resign? First, devote a handsome art cover to the late Theodore Roosevelt. Use the Big Stick as background symbol. Under the caption "Heroes," describe T. R. as "a man for today." Didn't he proclaim the American Century? Wasn't he the man who used "the steel of power to safeguard the warm glow of hope"? Didn't he specialize in "decisiveness," based on the realization "that inspiration is made out of specific minute-by-minute leadership"? And he was only forty-two when he took office, "the most vigorous President" we ever had, the man who said, "I believe in a strong executive . . . I believe in power."

Bully for you, *Time*. It makes a neat package, what with the plug for the American Century thrown in for good measure. The bright young things in Journalism 1-A will have learned something about the art of the quick switch and the public will doubtless get the point. But some, with longer memories, may resent this attempt to take today's mark-down on yesterday's high-priced item and to sell before the market drops even lower. Even T. R. might have resented being used as a pawn in this gambit.

Mammoth Rally

The mammoth rally staged by Eric Johnston, the movie impressario, with an all-star cast including Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, Mayor Wagner, Bishop Sheen, Adlai Stevenson, Senators and Representatives and other luminaries too numerous to mention, and the President himself, may have impressed those who staged it; it did not impress us. The purpose, of course, was to display bipartisan support for a foreign-aid program; but the program is no such thing. The total amount involved is $3.9 billion, but of this $1.8 billion is for military assistance to U. S. allies, and another $385 million for "defense support"—likewise a military item. Still another $200 million is earmarked for "future contingencies," which usually turn out to be military. What is left, then, is about $1.1 billion, or 28 per cent of the total; and for this technical aid, which certainly has some military implications, the President found it necessary to send a highly emotional message to the Congress, threatening "ultimately a beleaguered America, her freedoms limited by mounting defense costs, and almost alone in a world dominated by international communism."

The fact is, of course, that the total requested, even if every dollar of it could be honestly described as non-military, appears in ludicrous disproportion to the $40 billion defense budget, not to mention the $200 billion that we will spend for direct military purposes in the next five years. Even this rally, staged as a three-ring political circus, will not make it any easier to pass on the program as one of non-military aid. It will probably be approved—given the big bipartisan build-up—but for what it is, namely, a supplement to the military budget.

Seminal Ideas

Shortly after he took over as chief editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, William J. Miller sent in a series of recommendations to the editor, including this one: "The seminal ideas which are about to catch and hold the interest of thinking people do not, very often, appear in the daily press. They pop up in small-circulation intellectual magazines. . . . We ought to . . . ride close herd on all such publications, extract significant thoughts from them." A sound perception, this, and one more widely observed than the mass-circulation publications will concede. Witness:

1. On February 23, Senator A. S. (Mike) Monroney proposed the establishment of a new international agency to make long-term, multilateral, low-interest loans to underdeveloped countries, using the foreign currencies accruing to the United States from the sale of agricultural surpluses. For the seminal ideas from which this proposal germinated, see U. S. Surpluses and a Hungry World, by the American economist Mordecai Ezekiel, in *The Nation* of September 24, 1955. Time lapsed during germination: two years, four months and twenty-nine days.

2. Last week, New York State Assemblyman Sidney H. Asch, in presenting a bill to amend the state law on narcotic addicts, read from Dr. Alfred Lindesmith's article in *The Nation* of April 21, 1956 and, in doing so, emphasized his basic agreement. Lapsed time during germination: one year, nine months and twenty-nine days.

3. Last week Nathan Leopold was finally granted parole. The distinguished Chicago lawyer who won parole for him, Elmer Gertz—a frequent *Nation* contributor—had occasion to tell us that the article, The New Psychology and the Franks Case, by Dr. Leonard Blumgart, which appeared in *The Nation* of September 10, 1924, was, for all practical purposes, the only article in the American press that talked sense about the case that year. It was cited both in the application for executive clemency and at the parole hearing. "If *The Nation* had done nothing else that year but publish the Blumgart article," Mr. Gertz told us, "it would have justified its existence." Thirty-four years later the article still makes good reading. "I do not indict the parents," wrote Dr. Blumgart, "I indict all society."

The pages of *The Nation* are a launching pad from which each week a series of ideas are projected. Some are lost; some just refuse to take off (like the Army, the Navy and the Air Force, we have our share of failures); but it is surprising how many find their way into orbit.

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A PAGAN SERMON to the CHRISTIAN CLERGY

. . *by C. Wright Mills*

TO SAY THAT war has become total is to say that the reach of modern weaponry now makes every soul on earth a quite possible victim of sudden hell. It is to say that weapons have become absolute, and that every calculation from on high now includes a military calculation. It is to say that the decision-makers of every nation, in particular those of the United States, are now possessed by the crackpot metaphysics of militarism. But more than that: it is to say that the morality of war now dominates the curious spiritual life of the fortunate peoples of Christendom.

World War III is already so total that most of its causes are accepted as "necessity"; most of its meaning as "realism." In our world "necessity" and "realism" have become ways to hide lack of moral imagination. In the cold war of the politicians and journalists, intellectuals and generals, businessmen and preachers, it is above all else moral imagination that is most obviously lacking. One reason for this lack, I am going to argue, is what must surely be called the moral default of the Christians.

The ethos of war is now the ethos of virtually all public thought and sensibility. But I must limit this article to the fact of moral insensibility in the Western world and to the religious failure that supports it.

By moral insensibility I refer to the mute acceptance—or even the unawareness—of moral atrocity. I mean the lack of indignation when confronted with moral horror. I mean the turning of this atrocity and this horror into morally approved conventions of feeling. I mean, in short, the incapacity for *moral* reaction to event and character, to high decision and the drift of human circumstance.

Such moral insensibility has its roots in World War I; it became full-blown during World War II. The "saturation bombing" of that war was an indiscriminate bombing of civilians on a mass scale; the atomic bombing of the peoples of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was an act committed without warning and without ultimatum. By the time of Korea, the strategy of obliteration had become totally accepted as part of our moral universe.

THE pivotal decision, made by the United States and by the Soviet Union, is the monstrous one, as Lewis Mumford has put it, of trying "to solve the problem of absolute power, presented by nuclear weapons, by concentrating their national resources upon instruments of genocide." The spokesmen of each side say they know that war is obsolete as a means of any policy save mutual annihilation, yet they search for peace by military means and in doing so, they succeed in accumulating ever new perils. Moreover, they have obscured this fact by their dogmatic adherence to violence as the only way of doing away with violence. There has not before been an arms race of this sort —a scientific arms race dominated by the strategy of obliteration. And at every turn of this hideous competition, each side becomes more edgy, and the chance becomes greater that accidents of character or of technology will trigger the sudden hell.

The key moral fact about this situation is the virtual absence within ourselves of absolute opposition to these assumptions of our ruling elites, to their strategy, and to the policies by which they are carrying it out. And the key public result is the absence of any truly debated alternatives. In some part the absence both of opposition and of alternatives rests upon, or at least is supported by, the fact of moral insensibility.

Between catastrophic event and everyday interest there is a vast moral gulf. Who in North America experienced, as human beings, World War II? Men fought; women waited; both worked. About the war they all said the same kinds of things. Nobody rebelled, nobody knew public grief. In the emotional economy, there was efficiency without purpose. It was a curiously unreal business. A sort of numbness seemed to prohibit any real awareness of what was happening. It was without dream and so without nightmare, and if there were anger and fear and hatred—and there were—still no mainsprings of feeling and conviction and compassion were let loose in despair or furor; no human complaint was focused rebelliously upon the political and moral meanings of the universal brutality. People sat in the movies between production shifts watching with aloofness and even visible indifference, as children were "saturation bombed" in the narrow cellars of European cities. Man had become an object; and in so far as those for whom he was an object felt about the spectacle at all, they felt powerless, in the grip of larger forces, having no part in those affairs that lay beyond their immediate areas of daily demand and gratification. It was a time of moral somnambulance. And worst of all, from the religious point of view, the people of this continent were often brightly hopeful—while what used to be called the deepest convictions were as fluid as water.

It is as if the ear had become a sensitive soundtrack, the eye a precision camera, experience an exactly-timed collaboration between microphone and lens. And in this expanded world of mechanically vivified communications, the capacity for experience is alienated, and the individual becomes the spectator of everything but the human witness of nothing.

In all the emotional and spiritual

C. WRIGHT MILLS, author of The Power Elite *and other books, is professor of sociology at Columbia University. This article should be read as an extension into the religious sphere of questions posed by Mr. Mills's Program for Peace, which appeared in* The Nation *of December 7, 1957.*

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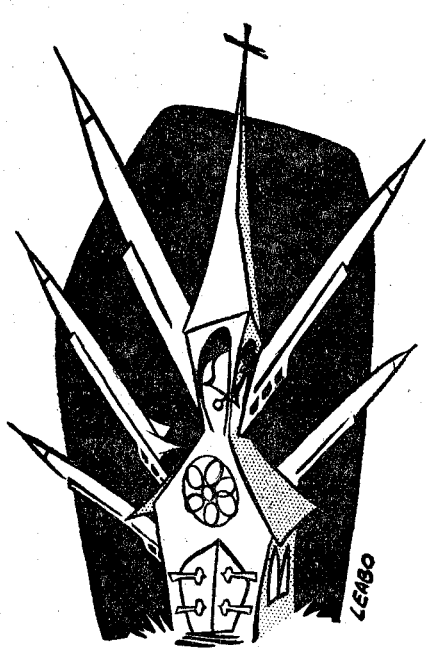
realms of life, facts now outrun sensibility, and these facts, emptied of their human meanings, are readily gotten used to. There is no more human shock in official man; there is no more sense of moral issue in his unofficial follower. There is only the unopposed supremacy of technique for impersonal, calculated, wholesale murder. This lack of response I am trying to sum up by the altogether inadequate phrase "moral insensibility," and I am suggesting that the level of moral sensibility, as part of public and private life, has in our time sunk below human sight.

RELIGION TODAY is part of this sorry moral condition; to understand the crucial decisions of our pivotal times, it is not necessary to consider religious institutions or personnel or doctrine. Neither preachers nor laity matter; what they do and what they say can be readily agreed with, and safely ignored. I am aware that there are exceptions, but the average output is correctly heard as a parade of worn-out phrases. In the West, religion has become a subordinate part of the overdeveloped society.

If there is one safe prediction about religion in this society, it would seem to be that if tomorrow official spokesmen were to proclaim XYZ-ism, next week 90 per cent of religious declaration would be XYZ-ist. At least in their conforming rhetoric, religious spokesmen would reveal that the new doctrine did not violate those



of the church. As a social and as a personal force, religion has become a dependent variable. It does not originate; it reacts. It does not denounce; it adapts. It does not set forth new models of conduct and sensibility; it imitates. Its rhetoric is without deep appeal; the worship it organizes is without piety. It has become less a revitalization of the spirit in permanent tension with the world than a respectable distraction from the sourness of life. In a quite direct sense, religion has generally become part of the false consciousness of the world and of the self.

Among the cheerful robots of the mass society, not human virtue but human shortcomings, attractively packaged, lead to popularity and success. They are men and women without publicly relevant consciousness, without awareness of shocking human evil, and their religion is the religion of good cheer and glad tidings. That it is a religion without dreary religious content is less important than that it is socially brisk and that it is not spiritually unsettling. It is a getting chummy with God, as a means to quite secular good feelings.

With such religion, ours is indeed a world in which the idea of God is dead. But what is important is that this fact itself is of no felt consequence. Men and women, in brief, are religiously indifferent; they find no religious meanings in their lives and in their world.

The verbal Christian belief in the sanctity of human life has not of course been affected by the impersonal barbarism of twentieth-century war. But this belief does not itself enter decisively into the plans now being readied for World War III. A savage politician once asked how many divisions the Pope had—and it was a relevant question. No one need ask how many chaplains any army that wants them has. The answer is: as many as the generals and their other satraps feel the need of. Religion has become a willing spiritual means and a psychiatric aide of the nation-state.

Total war must indeed be difficult for the Christian conscience to confront, but the current Christian way out makes it easy; war is defended morally and Christians easily fall into line—as they are led to justify it—in each nation in terms of "Christian faith" itself. Men of religious congregations do evil; ministers of God make them feel good about doing it. Rather than guide them in the moral cultivation of their conscience, ministers, with moral nimbleness, blunt that conscience, covering it up with peace of mind.

THE MORAL DEATH of religion in North America is inherent neither in religion nor specifically in Christianity. At times this religion has been insurgent; at other times, complacent; and it has been characterized by repeated revivals. Just now it is neither revolutionary nor reactionary, and it makes no real effort to revive itself in order to examine great public issues and the troubles of individuals from a fresh religious perspective. It does not count in the big political balance of life and death.

This is not surprising. In their struggle for success, religious institutions have come into competition with two great contemporary forces: amusement and politics. Each of these has been winning over religion; and when religion has seemingly won over them, it has failed as religion.

The most obvious competition is with the world of industrialized entertainment. Competing with these mass means of distraction, churches have themselves become minor institutions among the mass media of communications. They have imitated and borrowed the strident techniques of the insistent publicity machines, and in terms of the pitch-man (with both the hard and the soft sell), they have quite thoroughly banalized the teachings, and indeed the very image, of Christ.

I do not believe that anything recognizably Christian can be put over in this way. I suggest that this religious malarkey *diseducates* congregations; that it kills off any real influence religious leaders might have. Even if the crowds come, they come only for the show, and if it is the nature of crowds to come, it is also their nature soon to go away. And in all truth, are not the television Christians in reality armchair atheists? In value and in reality they live without the God they profess;

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despite ten million Bibles sold each year in the United States alone, they are religiously illiterate. "If Christ had been put on television to preach the Sermon on the Mount," Malcolm Muggeridge has recently remarked, "viewers would either have switched on to another channel, or contented themselves with remarking that the speaker had an interesting face. Christ might have become a television personality, but there would have been no Christianity."

If you, as Christian ministers, accept the entertainment terms of success, you cannot succeed. The very means of your "success" make for your failure as witnesses, for you must appeal to such diverse moral appetites that your message will necessarily be generalized to the point of moral emptiness. If you do not specify and confront real issues, what you say will surely obscure them. If you do not alarm anyone morally, you will yourself remain morally asleep. If you do not *embody* controversy, what you say will inevitably be an acceptance of the drift to the coming hell. And in all this you will continue well the characteristic history of Christianity, for the Christian record *is* rather clear: from the time of Constantine to the time of global radiation and the uninterceptible missile, Christians have killed Christians and been blessed for doing so by other Christians.

POLITICS, like religion, has of course also come into competition with and been deeply influenced by the world of entertainment and its means of attraction and distraction. But the realities of politics and of economics are nowadays very difficult to ignore; they just won't down, for they are part of the insistent military lie that now dominates official civilized endeavor.

Religion cannot compete with this political peril. What vision of hell compares with the realities we have and do now confront? And the point is that ministers of God are not foremost among those few men who would define and expose the morality of the political decisions and lack of decisions that lie back of these morally atrocious events and preparations. For a church whose congregation contains all political views and which is out for statistical success feels it must prosperously balance "above" politics—which means that it serves whatever moral default the affairs of mankind reveal.

As a mass medium, religion has become a religiously ineffective part of the show that fills up certain time slots in the weekly routine of cheerful robots. The minister goes his curious way, bringing glad tidings into each and every home.

BELIEVE ME, I do not wish to be rude, but I am among those pagans who take declarations seriously, and so I must ask you, as declared Christians, certain questions:

What does it mean to preach? Does it not mean, first of all, to be religiously conscious? I do not see how you can preach unless as a man you are the opposite to the religiously indifferent. To be religiously conscious, I suppose, is to find some sort of religious meaning in one's own insecurities and desires, to know oneself as a creature in some kind of relation with God which increases your hope that your expectations and prayers and actions will come off. I must ask: for you, today, what is that religious meaning?

To preach, secondly, means to serve as a moral conscience, and to articulate that conscience. I do not see how you can do that by joining the publicity fraternity and the weekend crusaders. You cannot do it by "staying out of politics." I think there is only one way in which you can compete as religious men with religious effect: you must be yourself in such a way that your views emanate unmistakably from you as a moral center. From that center of yourself, you must speak. So I must ask: why do you not make of yourself the pivot, and of your congregation the forum, of a public that is morally led and that is morally standing up? The Christian ethic cannot be incorporated without compromise; it can live only in a series of individuals who are capable of morally incorporating themselves.

Do not these times demand a little Puritan defiance? Do not they demand the realization of how close hell is to being a sudden and violent reality of man's world today? Should not those who still have access to the peoples of Christendom stand up and denounce with all the righteousness and pity and anger and charity and love and humility their faith may place at their command the political and the militarist assumptions now followed by the leaders of the nations of Christendom? Should they not denounce the pseudo-religiosity of men of high office who would steal religious phrases to decorate crackpot policies and immoral lack of policies? Should they not refuse to allow immorality to find support in religion? Should they not refuse to repeat the official, un-Christian slogans of dull diplomats who do not believe in negotiation, who mouth slogans which are at most ineffective masks for lack of policy? Should they not realize that the positive moral meaning of what is called "neutralism" lies in the resolve that the fate of mankind shall not be determined by the idiotically-conducted rivalry of the United States and the Soviet Union?

I do not wish to be politically dogmatic, but merely brief and, as you gentlemen surely have recognized, I am religiously illiterate and unfeeling. But truly I do not see how you can claim to be Christians and yet not speak out totally and dogmatically against the preparations and testing now under way for World War III. As I read it, Christian doctrine in contact with the realities of today cannot lead to any other position. It cannot condone the murder of millions of people by clean-cut young men flying intricate machinery over Euro-Asia, zeroed in on cities full of human beings—young men who two years before were begging the fathers of your congregations for the use of the family car for a Saturday night date.

There is no necessity for more military emphasis on missiles. There is no need for more "science" in education; it is not "realism" to spend more money on arms. Necessity and need and realism are the desperate slogans of the morally crippled. The necessity is for moral imagination. The need is for political new beginnings. Realism means to stop at once and if need be unilaterally all prepa-

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rations for World War III. There is no other realism, no other necessity, no other need.

You will not find in moral principles the solution to the problems of war, but without moral principles men are neither motivated nor directed to solve them. But nowadays we pagans see that Christian morals are more often used as moral cloaks of expedient interests than ways of morally uncloaking such interests.

War is not today inevitable; it is, immediately, the result of nationalist definitions of world reality, of dogmatic reliance upon the military as the major or even the only means of solving the explosive problems of this epoch of despair and of terror. And because this is now so, to lift up and to make knowledgeable the level of moral sensibility is the strategic task of those who would be at peace. Your role in the making of peace is less the debating of short-run and immediate policies than the confrontation of the whole attitude toward war and the teaching of new views of it by using them in criticism of current policies and decisions. And in the end, I believe the decisive test of Christianity lies in your witness of the refusal by individuals and by groups to engage in war. Pacifism, I believe, is the test of your Christianity — and of you. At the very least, it ought to be *the* debate within Christendom.

The brotherhood of man is now less a goal than an obvious condition of biological survival. Before the world is made safe again for American capitalism or Soviet communism or anything else, it had better be made safe for human life.

BUT you may say: "Don't let's get the church into politics." If you do say that, you are saying: "Don't let's get the church into the world; let's be another distraction from reality." This world *is* political. Politics, understood for what it really is today, has to do with the decisions men make which determine how they shall live and how they shall die. They are not living very well, and they are not going to die very well, either. Politics is now the locale of morality; it is the locale both of evil and of good. If you do not get the church into the moral issues of politics, you cannot confront evil and you cannot work for good. You will be a subordinate amusement and a political satrap of whatever is going. You will be the great Christian joke.

Men and ideas, the will and the spirit, are now being tested, perhaps in all truth for the final time; and in this testing so far, you Christians are standing in default. The key sign of this is the fact of your general lack of effective opposition, of your participation in the fact of moral insensibility. That, of course, is a world fact about publics and masses and elites, but it is all the more grievous among Christians, if

only because of the expectations that they have aroused about themselves. Yet who among you has come out clearly on the issues of internecine war and the real problems of peace? Who among you is considering what it means for Christians to kill men and women and children in ever more efficient and impersonal ways? Who among you uses his own religious imagination to envision another kind of basis for policies governing how men should treat with one another? Who among you, claiming even vague contact with what Christians call "The Holy Spirit," is calling upon it to redeem the day because you know the times are evil?

If you are not today concerned with this—the moral condition of those in your spiritual care—then, gentlemen, what is your concern? As a pagan who is waiting for your answer, I merely say: you claim to be Christians. And I ask: what does that mean as a biographical and as a public fact?

In moral affairs you are supposed to be among the first of men. No moral affair today compares with the morality of warfare and the preparation for it, for in these preparations men usurp—as you might say—the prerogatives of God. By sitting down and by keeping quiet, by all too often echoing the claptrap of the higher immorality that now passes for political leadership—you are helping to enfeeble further in this time of cruel troubles the ideals of your Founder. Christianity is part of the moral defeat of man today. Perhaps it is no longer important enough to be considered a cause of it; perhaps it is only among the passive doctrines of the spectators of man's moral defeat.

I HOPE you do not demand of *me* gospels and answers and doctrines and programs. According to your belief, my kind of man—secular, prideful, agnostic and all the rest of it—is among the damned. I'm on my own; you've got your God. It is up to you to proclaim gospel, to declare justice, to apply your love of man—the sons of God, all of them, you say—meaningfully, each and every day, to the affairs and troubles of men. It is up to you to find answers that are rooted in ultimate moral decision and to say them out so that they are compelling.

I hope your Christian conscience is neither at ease nor at attention, because if it is I must conclude that it is a curiously expedient and ineffective apparatus. I hope you do not believe that in what you do and in how you live, you are denouncing evil, because if you do, then I must conclude that you know nothing of evil and so nothing of good. I hope you do not imagine yourselves to be the bearers of compassion, because if you do, you cannot yet know that today compassion without bitterness and terror is mere girlish sentiment, not worthy of any full-grown man. I hope you do not speak from the moral center of yourself, because if you do, then in the dark nights of your soul, in fear and in trembling, you must be cruelly aware of your moral peril in this time of total war, and—given what you, a Christian, say and believe—I, a pagan, pity you.

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HEALTH HINT from BRITAIN . . *by George A. Silver*

WHEN STORM warnings were lifted over Great Britain's National Health Service last spring, polite and dignified, but positive, jubilation found expression in the conservative American press. "Britain's doctors weary of socialism," crowed the *Saturday Evening Post*. Even the usually equable (in medical politics) *New England Journal of Medicine* took stern satisfaction:

> British physicians, who loyally acceded to the demand for a National Health Service in 1948, have found themselves recalling Aesop's fable of the frogs who petitioned Zeus for a King. The differences are that they did not ask for the situation in which they have found themselves, and the leadership that the government has provided for them in a succession of ministers of health has sometimes resembled rather the King Stork than the King Log variety.

Does Britain's current crisis demonstrate that "socialized" medicine —medical services supported by the tax dollar—is a dangerous mistake? Well, the symptoms of a serious illness are present all right: doctors and Government are in a hassel, wages are in dispute, and a pattern of settlement for doctors remains to be worked out.

When Britain's National Health Service was established in 1948, a plan for adjusting rates of pay to economic circumstances in a kind of "cost-of-living" escalator clause was apparently agreed upon by both doctors and Government (the Spens Committee Recommendations). One such adjustment, after arbitration, was made in 1950 (the Danckwerts Award). Britain's doctors are now asking, under the Spens formula, for another adjustment. During eighteen months of negotiations, of thrusts and counters, the Government grudgingly yielded a small increase (about 5 per cent in place of the 24 per cent demanded) and appointed a Royal Commission—a valuable delaying tactic—to make final recommendations. Meanwhile the small increase stands.

The physicians remain unhappy. There have been explosive meetings of the British Medical Association. Doctors have been threatening to strike. Yet no one, neither doctors nor Government nor patients, wants an end to the National Health Service. In a sociological survey made in March of last year, almost 90 per cent of British consumers believed the current dispute would be settled amicably, and 80 per cent *wanted* the service to continue.

AS PART OF my job, I have visited the British Isles on three occasions since 1948. In 1950, I spent six weeks in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, observing the operation of the National Health Service. In 1954 and 1957, I was in England and Scotland. On all these occasions I took the opportunity to meet with doctors in their surgeries, in hospitals, at medical-society meetings and at local authority conferences. I made home visits with a country doctor outside of Inverness, and with a health officer in Bristol. I had tea with a group of country practitioners outside of Cambridge, a group of city doctors in Manchester, a teaching group in Edinburgh, public-health teachers in London, and regional hospital-board members in Birmingham and in Aberdeen. I talked with the public, as consumers of medical care, in doctors' surgeries, in hospitals, in their homes, and in the varied casual ways travelers talk with other travelers. On several occasions I interviewed responsible officials of the Ministry of Health in London and the Department of Health for Scotland.

Over and over again, patients noted approvingly that they could now attend a doctor's office when the need arises. Over and over again, doctors expressed satisfaction that it was no longer necessary for them to bargain for fees or to evaluate their own services. Definitely, it is not the health system itself which has aroused dissension or created dissatisfaction in either patient or doctor. The dissatisfactions are built into conditions of British general practice which long predated inauguration of the system on July 5, 1948.

The expressions of this dissatisfaction became more evident each time I visited Britain. In the winter of 1950, I found excitement, enthusiasm and determination among the doctors. "Of course, the office is much more crowded," said a gentle country doctor at a medical meeting in Belfast, "but many more people are using the service. They couldn't afford to come before. We've got to face up to that and make provision for it." A younger, crisper Saffron Walden doctor added, "We want the service! No one is against it! We do want a better way of living for ourselves, though. We need more contact among ourselves professionally, some hospital opportunities, and especially a rotating night service."

In 1950, Joseph Collings, an Australian physician, surveyed British general practice and wrote: "The present state of general practice is unsatisfactory. Its defects existed before the National Health Service Act. . . . The National Health Service Act has done nothing immediately or directly to disturb the structure of general practice."

In 1954, discontent was strong and feelingly expressed. "I'm forty now," said a Manchester doctor, grimly. "I thought the Health Service meant the end to the rut. I'm still in it."

By 1957, a note of resignation, with anti-American overtones, had crept into the conversation. "You see," said the Edinburgh professor, "we haven't the money to build a NATO force and also to maintain welfare services. We haven't the money you Americans have."

THE National Health Service, embodied in a comprehensive social-security system known as the Beveridge Plan, was designed to remedy the defects of a health-insurance system dating back to 1911. The present service provides free medical care in home, office and hospital, and free appliances and drugs as needed

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except for a recently imposed shilling (14 cents) charge for each prescription. Included in the services provided are dental care for school children, ophthalmological services (including glasses) and an as yet imperfectly organized neurosis treatment service.

The health service as a whole falls into three categories: general practitioner services, hospital and specialist ("consultant") services, and local health services. Its entire budget comes from tax funds; this is *not* an insurance scheme.

The funds for the general practitioner services are disbursed by the Ministry of Health through Local Executive Committees, composed of local physicians, dentists and appointed officials who serve without compensation. The committees supervise payments to general practitioners, pay travel allowances, and also pass on grievances and local problems of placement and physician exchange. General practitioners are paid monthly for each person registered on their panels.

Money for hospital and specialist services is provided by the Ministry of Health through Regional Hospital Boards which, in turn, establish budgets for the hospitals in the region. Specialists staff these institutions and receive salaries for the services they render in hospital. These salaries are part of the hospital budget. Teaching hospitals operate on budgets independent of the Regional Boards, receiving their funds directly from the Ministry.

The third category, local health services, are provided by Local Health Authorities operating on budgets supplied by local government augmented by the Ministry. They supply local public-health supervision, ambulance and nursing service in the home, and midwifery (a minority of British babies are delivered by physicians, and only a minute percentage by obstetricians).

In the original plan, increasing funds were to be made available to remodel and renovate old hospital facilities and encourage the development of local health centers for closer liaison among physicians in all three administrative channels. The original budget of £390,700,000 in 1949-1950

has risen to £607,229,300 in 1956-1957 (the £ is $2.80). But the whole of this increase was due to inflation, a wider use of services by some patients, and use of services by many persons who had never before used a doctor. None of the money has gone into modern construction. A rare health center like Woodberry Downs is a lonely tribute to the ideal. Hospitals decay without the capital investment necessary to keep them from rotting. Darbishire House, Britain's solitary effort to demonstrate liaison between hospital, health authority and general practitioner, is financed out of Rockefeller funds.

WASTEFUL preparations for war and defense, Tory unwillingness or inability to provide the tax funds for welfare services, add up to the crippling and decline of the brave new health service. The patients don't have to pay, but someone must. The defect of Britain's National Health Service is not in too much socialism, but in too little. The coalition government that inaugurated the new service was very careful not to tamper with the status quo of medical practice. Succeeding governments have been equally careful to retain the outworn traditional features.

The twentieth century requires a medical system that will allow the full benefit of accumulated and changing medical knowledge to be applied to the patient. While the family doctor is still necessary, the general practitioner is outdated. Specialized knowledge shifts and expands so rapidly that only highly trained specialists can apply it. These specialists must have an organization for communicating with each other, enabling them to economize on time and effort. This is group practice. And group practice needs a center—a physical home. Further, group practice must be intimately associated with modern hospitals, for care, for supervision, for continuing study. British hospitals, ancient, decrepit, physically inadequate, demand repair or replacement, but funds are lacking.

WHILE health centers were recommended in the Beveridge report, they got a very low priority in impoverished post-war Britain. The pattern of British practice has been for individual general practitioners to lead their lives in their "surgeries," maintaining no connection with hospitals. The hospitals are independently staffed with "consultants" (specialists) paid now by the Health Service. And general practitioners and consultants never meet or associate. The complex pattern of modern practice does not allow for such professional dissociation.

Furthermore, this system of separation and limited educational opportunity for the general practitioner is fixed, and no effort is being made to change the status through phased increasing of specialists with an eye to a complex specialist service. On the contrary, the opportunities for specialists have *diminished* as a wholly-paid consultant service in hospitals came in with the Health Service, and private consulting work disappeared. Where, in free-enterprise days, young consultants occasionally opened offices in Harley Street or its equivalent, and waited hopefully for the "guinea practice" to develop, that avenue closed when 97 per cent of the British people enrolled in the Health Service.

As a consequence, where logic would dictate that several hundred specialists in internal medicine should be turned out each year to take their places as the new family doctors of a group-practice system, far fewer are trained, and no such openings are available. The iron-clad consultant system provides openings for only about 250 of the more than 1,000 specialists of all kinds who are

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finishing their training each year. While a hundred of those who cannot be placed may go into general practice in despair, each year the remaining 650 take further temporary hospital jobs or emigrate. The London *Observer* recently related the sad adventures of an ambitious young doctor who was unable to penetrate the hard shell of bureaucracy to get a lucrative consultant's job.

This serious problem of the lack of opportunity for young doctors, coupled with the archaic medical-practice system, will undoubtedly have a detrimental effect on both recruiting and good patient care in the future. In this way lack of mobility and of new facilities compound the deterioration. Inadequately trained, without refreshment in hospitals over the years, the general practitioner's area of knowledge constricts. The poverty of the economy is reflected in a payment scheme that forces the doctor to defray the cost of equipment, periodicals and textbooks out of his own income. Without the incentive or opportunity to improve his knowledge, his skill or his facilities, it would be surprising if the level of his work were any better than it is. All these conditions predate the National Health Service.

For the United States, the picture and the lesson are clear. A plan for removing the economic barrier to twentieth-century medical care has to be coupled with a program for orienting medical practice to the twentieth century. It has to add physicians in far greater numbers, train them adequately in specialties, provide a framework for group practice and hospital association for physicians, encourage research in design (as well as fundamental science) and offer modern, easily available facilities and equipment. This requires planning and *money*.

The problems of the British National Health Service stem partly from penny-pinching conservatism in government and partly from a tradition-bound medical profession. Curiously enough, these are the defects that plague our own health services in the United States. So there is an ironical aspect to the pious thought on which the *New England Journal of Medicine* concludes the editorial quoted at the beginning of this article:

> The physicians of America, disturbed at these revelations of the ill relations that can exist between the government of a free state and its medical profession, must continue to congratulate themselves, even as they sympathize with their brethren overseas, on having so far escaped being caught in such an unhappy toil.

A Way Out of the Blackboard Jungle .. *by Jackson Toby*

AS JACOB RIIS suggested a half-century ago, crime waves are created by newspapers. The excitement over hoodlums in New York City schools illustrates his point. Recent news stories about rapes, assaults and thefts in public schools are (for the most part) factually correct, but they could have been duplicated in any previous year. A school crime wave occurred in 1958 because newspaper editors — prodded by Judge Leibowitz and a Kings County grand jury — decided that school offenses were worthy of more detailed coverage than the hundreds of other crimes committed every day.

The outward symptoms of the blackboard jungle are unruly children (mainly boys) who disrupt classes and demoralize teachers. Their acts of aggression are usually infractions of school rules, but sometimes they commit serious, even horrifying, crimes. Schools vary in the proportions of intractable youngsters in attendance. Where such students are in the majority, the school is a school only in name. Teachers are too busy keeping order to do much in the way of education. In most schools, however, disciplinary problems are the exception rather than the rule; the staff is firmly in control. To assign a policeman to the average school is equivalent to attacking a spider with a meat ax. Whether to station policemen at the "difficult" schools is another matter. Such a repressive measure might help to hold the lid down. But it would imply that the American experiment with mass education is a failure. After all, the assumption behind compulsory school-attendance laws is that *every* child can profit from formal education. If some youngsters are so resistant to classroom training that it is necessary to station a policeman within call of the teacher, either the educational enterprise is so poorly conducted that it is failing the needs of some students, or else the democratic assumption of universal educability is unjustified.

PESSIMISTS about universal education say, "Throw the troublemakers out. Suspend them. Expel them. We cannot permit 1 per cent of the student body to prevent the 99 per cent who want to learn from learning." This course of action would certainly reduce the problems of harried school administrators. But what would become of youngsters who are branded ineducable and thrown upon the labor market at fourteen or fifteen? Some voices can be heard saying, "Let them work—as I did when I was their age. Nothing will rehabilitate them so fast as honest work." But the work histories of slightly older youths who leave school upon reaching the age when state law no longer can compel attendance, show that poorly educated teen-agers fare badly in American industry. Early school-leavers do not know how to look for a job suited to them. They are dissatisfied with the low pay and menial duties to which

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their lack of experience and education restricts them. They quit or are fired after characteristically brief employments, largely because of their rebellious attitude toward supervisors. In short, they flounder from one blind-alley, monotonous job to another—with long intervals of nonemployment in between. These gaps are sometimes involuntary; child-labor laws and industrial-personnel policies greatly reduce the employment opportunities for early school-leavers—even in times of economic boom. But in many cases, discouraged, they withdraw from the labor market of their own volition.

HO Wcan such a boy escape from a pattern of defeat? Psychically uncommitted to school or job, he "hangs" around the street corner with other unsuccessful youngsters. He needs their approval as compensation for the rejection of school authorities and employers. The price for their approval runs high. He must show that he is not "chicken," i.e., cowardly. The way in which he can do this is by manifesting a reckless willingness to steal, to fight, to try anything once. He must repudiate the bourgeois virtues associated with school and job: diligence, neatness, truthfulness, thrift. He becomes known as a "loafer" and "trouble-maker" in the community. When family and neighbors add their condemnations to those of teachers and employers, all bridges to respectability are burned, and he becomes progressively more concerned with winning "rep" inside the gang. For him, stealing is not primarily a way to make money. He will take an odd job when he wants to buy a new jacket or pay a repair bill on his car. Stealing is a means of gaining approval within a clique of outcasts.

In short, throwing a troublesome youngster out of school is no solution to the problem of creating a place for him in legitimate society. On the contrary, expulsion is simply transfer to a less well supervised situation, where he is a potential recruit for the delinquent gang.

Many professional educators are tempted to try to have their cake and eat it too: to keep "difficult," i.e., unmotivated, youngsters in school but to segregate them physically (or psychologically) from students who are willing to learn. Too often, special classes and special schools are devices to get rid of disciplinary problems. Students sent to them mark time until they can legally withdraw, learning little except how to annoy the teacher. For all practical purposes, such classes and schools are part-time jails and have no promise of reducing delinquency in big-city school systems. Of course, special classes and special schools don't *have* to be dumping grounds. They can provide opportunities where exceptional teachers, using a flexible curriculum, come to grips with obstacles to learning that cannot be surmounted in jumbo classes. In the long run, these "trouble-shooting" programs may bring the problem under control. But, for the immediate present, the public should not expect too much too soon.

There are not enough teachers who have the skills or the desire to work with large numbers of "difficult" students. In New York City, for example, the Board of Education cannot readily induce experienced teachers to accept assignment to "tough" schools. As a result, schools with the most troublesome students also have the least able teachers, i.e., young teachers just starting out or strict disciplinarians whose talents lie in custodial prowess rather than in academic subjects.

Moreover, students shunted into such programs suffer from reading and arithmetic difficulties so serious that the youngsters themselves have long since abandoned hope of academic success. Their defeats began in the early grades, sometimes because of meager intellectual endowment, but more often because no one at home or in the neighborhood made school effort seem meaningful. After all, for the young child, forced to come to school at set times, to refrain from pinching his roommates, to keep quiet so that the teacher can instruct the class as a group, school is a discipline imposed upon him rather than an extension and development of his own interests. Why should he cooperate? The vicious circle of neglect and failure accumulates. Within a few years, he is retarded in the basic skills necessary for successful performance in the higher grades. Whether he is promoted or left back, the more successful students and the teachers consider him "dumb." This makes school still less pleasant, and his disinterest and neglect increase. By adolescence, he may well decide that he is fighting a losing battle. Is it surprising that he becomes a truant and a disciplinary problem? For such teen-aged casualties, the prognosis for reintegration into the school program is poor. Young though they are, they have years of disenchantment behind them. They are convinced that, whatever value education may have for others, it is too late for them; they are too far behind to catch up.

IF HIGH-BUDGET special programs are unlikely to make these youngsters look upon school as an opportunity, if expulsion means driving them further into anti-social activities, what can be done? For such a dilemma, there is, of course, no simple solution. The sociological principle is, however, reasonably clear. When a youngster is given a vested interest in a law-abiding role (in the school or in the community), he has less incentive to become a hoodlum. In the long run, therefore, the way to avoid hoodlums in the schools is to prevent educational casualties, beginning in the earlier grades. This would necessitate providing all youngsters, bright and dull, white and Negro, rich and poor, with the little victories that give them a stake in an acceptable social order. This is no small task in a mass-production school system.

In any case, this is a long-run measure and cannot be expected to alleviate the present crisis. Let's remember, though, that the "crime wave" in the schools is no more than a public focusing of attention on a chronic problem. The crisis has been a long time in developing, and will necessarily be a long time in improving. Meanwhile, until the long-run preventive measures begin to pay off, short-run palliatives should be considered. For example, attempts have been made in seven large commu-

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nities (Detroit, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Richmond, Roanoke, St. Louis and Youngstown) to ease the transition from school to work by providing job counseling for young school-leavers and voluntary training courses in elementary work habits. These attempts have been on a relatively small scale, so it is difficult to evaluate their impact. Moreover, they suffer from an unfortunate disadvantage: in no instance could they control the work situation itself; they could only attempt to fortify the young people who were entering a crowded and highly competitive labor market. The guiding conception of these programs was, however, sound. The work situation represents society's last chance with a delinquency-prone group. Family and school have already failed them; if now they feel that jobs have nothing to offer them, what will deter them from giving vent to anti-social impulses? Only fear of punishment — an unreliable deterrent.

Perhaps the transition could be bridged more effectively by sheltered employment for teen-aged school-leavers until they reach an age when they are better able to compete in the labor market. Such employment, based on the developmental needs of the worker rather than upon the profitability of production, would have to be undertaken by government or by large, social-minded corporations or labor unions. There are some grounds for hope that sheltered employment might be successful in reintegrating marginal adolescents into legitimate society. School failures yearn for the independence which "making money" can give them; they usually enter the labor market with initial enthusiasm. Their disillusionment comes later, when they learn that they have not escaped their pattern of defeat by going to work. Easing the school-to-work transition capitalizes on this initial enthusiasm and thus may provide a constructive alternative to the hoodlum role.

Some will say that it is a financially expensive alternative. True, but it promises to pay large dividends in decreased delinquency rates (in school and out), in reduced labor turnover and absenteeism in industry (by inculcating good work habits in young workers), and best of all, in reducing the human tragedies that lie behind the crime news in the daily paper.

REVENGE of the CAR-OWNER . . *by Milton Moskowitz*

AS A RECESSION of indeterminable length and indeterminable magnitude grips the nation, many eyes are fixed on Detroit. Having sold the American public 19,000,000 cars in the past three years, the automotive industry appears to have run into a solid log-jam of consumer resistance. Manufacturers turned out fewer than 500,000 cars in January, a decline of more than 25 per cent from January, 1957. Sales in January slipped to 380,000, the lowest level since 1952. *Ward's Automotive Reports* says the rising dealer inventories, dictating a slower production pace, "may see car output in the first quarter of 1958 slip to the lowest level since 1952." The failure of the 1958 models to excite consumer interest is a bitter pill for Detroit; the industry had been looking forward to this year as another 1955, when the sale of 7,200,000 new cars broke all records. In 1956, sales fell back to 5,955,000; last year, they remained about the same—5,982,000. Economists for the auto companies figured that many of the 1955 buyers would now be ready to re-enter the market.

So far, though, dealers have had plenty of time for solitaire. No one is breaking down the doors.

Like most business executives, the automobile magnates are loath to admit that there is any shortage of consumer purchasing power. In a recent double-page ad in *Automotive News*, Benson Ford, vice-president of Ford Motor Company, tried to buck up the dealers with these words: "Savings accounts are at record high levels. All the evidence indicates that most people have money to spend and are in a good credit position." And George Hitchings, chief of Ford's economic analysis department, told an American Management Association meeting that consumers could help to reverse the recession by spending instead of saving their money; he warned that if consumers did not spend freely, the recession would only be aggravated. Edward T. Ragsdale, general manager of General Motors' Buick division, is another who believes the public is needlessly hoarding its money. "I don't think the sales lag is a matter of pricing," he told a press conference. "It's a matter of confidence." Mr. Ragsdale offered the explanation that consumer confidence had been sapped by all the talk about recession and the Soviet's success in putting a satellite aloft. He blamed the newspapers for doling out this steady diet of unsettling news. "I think the papers have a responsibility to inspire confidence on the part of the public," said the man who had just fired Buick's advertising agency after his product lost third place in sales to Plymouth.

In all this theorizing there is, of course, never a hint that Detroit's product may have something to do with sales resistance. Detroit has invested millions in the big, gaudy, powerful, gas-hungry automobile; it has spent millions of advertising dollars telling the consumer that this is what he wants. It is certainly not going to admit now that it was wrong. Evidence is mounting, however, that more and more American drivers are fed up with their cars.

You have, for example, the Mayor of the nation's largest city asking the auto makers to consider the production of smaller cars to alleviate metropolitan traffic paralysis. You have the heads of the major auto

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companies brought before a Congressional committee and questioned rather sharply on how they know so far in advance that the public wants a big car. You have, finally, in the face of declining car sales, a sensational increase in the sale of foreign-made automobiles.

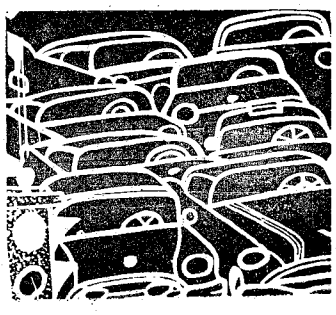
FOREIGN producers entered the U.S. market in 1948, when Britain's Austin Motor Company sold 8,600 cars here, but they plodded along for seven years without making any appreciable progress. Foreign-car sales rose to 30,000 in 1952 and then slid to 28,000 in 1953 and 23,000 in 1954. In 1955, when Volkswagen began shipping cars here in quantity, sales zoomed to 59,000. In 1956, while U.S. auto makers were experiencing a 25 per cent decline in sales, the foreign makes spurted ahead by 60 per cent to sales of 100,000. In 1956, for the first time, foreign cars accounted for more than 1 per cent of the U.S. auto market. Last year, foreign cars registered a sales gain of nearly 100 per cent, coming close to the 200,000 mark and accounting for 3 per cent of all new car sales. In the last few months of 1957, they were taking 5 per cent of the market. Volkswagen, in 1957, outsold the following U.S. makes: Hudson, Packard, Nash, Edsel, Imperial, Lincoln and Studebaker.

Foreign manufacturers have been encouraged by this success in the world's greatest automobile market. Sweden is now sending over the Saab and the Volvo; Britain's Standard Motor Company is currently introducing a new economy car in the American market; Italy sent the Fiat here last year; a new small car, destined for this market, is being produced by a Dutch company; and the Japanese have put two small cars into production for eventual marketing in the United States.

American Motors Corporation, maker of the Rambler, which suffered during the heyday of the big car, is now making a comeback. The company's sales were up 26 per cent in January, a striking contrast to the industry's performance, and Rambler ads are hitting out aggressively at the Big Three. In an ad that ran in some 1,800 newspapers across the country during the last week of January and the first week of February, George Romney, president of American Motors, charged that Ford, G.M. and Chrysler have —by their design, selling and advertising—"clamped an iron mold of big-car conformity on the U. S. public." The Big Three, said Mr. Romney, are making a car "that crowds your garage, overlaps the parking meters, and gulps gas like a B-29."

Is the consumer really expressing a preference for the small car? Testifying before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee, Lester L. Colbert, president of Chrysler Corporation, said his company marketed a small car in 1953 and saw its share of the market skid from 20 per cent to 13.1 per cent. "It was obvious the public wanted bigger automobiles," he said. "We learned quite a lesson." Mr. Colbert was undoubtedly right. With Ford and G.M. coming out with longer, lower cars, it would probably have been suicidal, at the time, for Chrysler to buck the trend. Chrysler made a quick switch to the big tail-fin and "The Forward Look," recouping some of the ground it had lost. Now the company is stuck on the big-car bandwagon and cannot easily afford a change in consumer taste. Ford and G.M., at least, can import small cars from their European factories. Chrysler does not have this source available.

The statistics and the big-car-vs.-small-car argument tell only half the story, however. The real measure of Detroit's marketing problem today can be taken in the steady stream of gripes that punctuate the day-to-day conversations of American automobile owners. Talk to a car owner and you strike an artesian well of grumbling. He is unhappy because his car is a gasoline hog. He is unhappy because something is always going wrong with his car. He is unhappy because "you can't find a service station you can trust." He is unhappy over his not inconsiderable bills for repairs, insurance and servicing. He is unhappy because after four years his car is worth less than a fifth of what he paid for it.



Automobile values depreciate so rapidly these days that the owner is more like a renter than an owner. Except, there is this difference: when you rent an apartment, the landlord provides free servicing; in the automobile business, you "rent" the car and pay the service charges as well.

Of all the retailers on the American scene, the automobile dealer probably enjoys the least amount of public esteem and confidence. A neighbor of mine, reading about the recent layoffs in Detroit, said to me: "I feel sorry for those guys, but as for the dealers, it couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of fellows."

In view of these conditions, Detroit might well consider the revolutionary idea of renting instead of selling cars, providing the renters with free servicing. Pride of ownership among car owners is already at a low ebb and I believe few would object to giving up this dubious privilege in order to be relieved of servicing headaches. Take the average family-car owner, who keeps his auto four years. If he could rent that car for $800 a year and not have to worry about the servicing, he would certainly not be losing much money—if any—and he would be a happier man.

The ultimate solution for Detroit was suggested by a friend who had been reading too much science fiction and listening to businessmen talk about the importance of obsolescence in the national economy. What Detroit needs, he said, is the disposable car. It would be sold from a vending machine. You drive your car into town, you fold it up and toss it into the wastepaper basket. In the evening, you buy another car and drive home. Think of the production records that would be set! And all the manufacturer would have to worry about is producing a car that is good for one ride.

Now there's something for Detroit to think about.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Brain Market

BRAINSTORMING. By Charles H. Clark. Doubleday & Co. 262 pp. $4.50.

BRAINPOWER QUEST. Ed. by Andrew A. Freeman. The Macmillan Co. 242 pp. $4.75.

Harvey Swados

THE ordinary man—and in this instance I am thinking of someone vaguely like myself, neither rich nor famous nor academically distinguished nor scientifically learned—is often surprised when he discovers that his betters in any of these departments are as likely to be damn fools as he. It can be upsetting to observe, for instance, the Father Of The H-Bomb weepingly assuring solemn-faced Senators that the Russians' sputnik achievement was our worst defeat since Pearl Harbor and that we must instantly protect ourselves by digging some billions of dollars' worth of holes in the ground. Whether the ordinary man's surprise at such shenanigans assumes the form of anger that he has ever allowed himself to be taken in by the types running the show, or of helpless laughter at this goofy world and the gas-filled Men of Distinction who rise to prominence in it, will depend on his own background and the social circumstances at the time of his discovery.

These reflections are occasioned by the two books listed above (each dedicated in its own way to a discussion of the situation of the individual mind in a highly organized society), particularly by the first, which is surely one of the plums of the publishing season. Mr. Clark comes out boldly, four-square and flatfooted, in favor of thinking, and what is more he tells his readers how and when and why and where to begin, in a style that might be described as Reader's Digest Modern: peppy, anecdotal, inspirational and optimistic. People, it appears, have thought before—witness David Sarnoff with his dream of the Radio Music Box, Clarence Birdseye with his quick-frozen fish, etc. But it was given to Mr. Clark and the three titans of BBDO to whom he dedicates this work to discover "brainstorming." As described by Mr. Clark, brainstorming is a group cathartic, a seance attended by people with a common interest and devoted to problem-solving through uninhibited, free-flowing utterances of ideas as quickly as they rise to the surface. The author advertises a "'Do-it-yourself Brainstorming Kit' designed to do the job, which consists of twelve four-color, flip-flop charts, a word-by-word script, a printed introduction to brainstorming, a bell, materials to use to orient first-time brainstormers.... It costs twenty-five dollars plus shipping charges and can be ordered from Creative Thinking Courses, Inc...." While the knack has been most highly developed for industrial, commercial, educational and other highly bureaucratized groups, the man who wants to solve personal problems can train himself in solo brainstorming. Indeed, my favorite quotation, in a book crammed with goodies, is attributed to Willard Pleuthner, BBDO vice-president in charge of brainstorming, who explains that "We should also take pencils and paper to church. Some people get their best ideas in church. That is not irreverent. I think the Lord gives us an extra reward for going to church. We are at peace with the world, and again that subconsious throws out ideas it has been working on."

THE rewards for the man who thinks, whether in church or on the job, can be considerable. "I have come a long way from that lonely Saturday night on Market Street," Mr. Clark confides winsomely. "I have an apartment just off Park Avenue in midtown Manhatten [sic.]. My office is in one of New York's most beautiful office buildings. I have been sent all over the country, even overseas by one of the nation's largest corporations. I have had a wonderful creative adventure because I acted on my ideas."

What makes this creative adventure worth the attention of those who have stuck with me thus far is that Mr. Clark has sold brainstorming, not just to mail-order suckers with $25 to throw away, but to: BBDO (which brainstormed the Eisenhower campaign), Columbia University, Nationwide Insurance, Dun & Bradstreet, Union Carbon & Carbide, Celanese Research, the United States Air Force, the United States Army, the United States Navy. The non-brainstorming mind is staggered by the idea of the jolly bull sessions, complete with flip-flop charts and bells to toll off users of "killer phrases" (It's not in the manual—We've never done it that way before—Let's form a committee), at all these august institutions—and by the mentality of those in command.

BRAINPOWER QUEST is a very different book. It is the edited transcript of a centennial convocation held at Cooper Union on the theme of developing adequate engineering and scientific brainpower in the America of the future, and it includes the thoughtful comments of some of our topnotch scientists, engineers and administrators. However, the eminence of the company did not prevent an old hand at brainstorming, Mortimer Adler, who has been busy reading all those Great Books, from patiently explaining to the conferees that "Wisdom is what we need, and by wisdom I simply mean the deepest understanding you can achieve of what is fixed or constant in human life in spite of all its changing external conditions."

Thus fortified in their understanding of what they were really after, the participants were spiritually strengthened to absorb the concluding remarks of Admiral Lewis Strauss, who is not exactly a scientist (or a sailor either for that matter), but an administrator of other people's brains and money. He wound up an optimistic assessment of the state of affairs with the following sentence: "A nation that has the skill and daring to begin to explore the secrets of outer space will not fail in its primary obligation to see that its future citizens are educated to cope with both the material and the intellectual problems of its expanding frontier."

I hasten to assure those who would deny the Admiral clearance for being soft on communism that he was not praising the Soviet Union, nor even referring to it, and that these inspiring lines were uttered in October, 1956, about a year before the Russians worked up "the skill and daring to begin to explore the secrets of outer space."

But let us not be flippant about serious matters. John Burchard, Dean of Humanities at M.I.T., read a most pointed paper which, if it did not give answers and assurances in the vein of

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HARVEY SWADOS' latest book is On the Line, *a novel dealing with the lives of auto workers.*

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the Professor or the Admiral, raised the kind of questions that technicians and administrators should be confronted with at such symposia:

> What is a society to be like in which the time one works in theory is small but the time one works in practice is large because the world is filled with people laboring at manual hobbies, doing work the machine could do, seeking the primitive retreat, the peasant bread, the open sky on a no longer useful cow pony, doing all the things that used to have to be done but now calling it play because the work they have to do deprives them of any chance for self-satisfaction? . . . Is it enough to have a fast car, a super-highway, an elegant bridge, a beautiful building, when the whole city is a maze of used-car dumps, parking ramps, neon signs, visual disorder; when every city is like every other city and there is no particular human reason for living in any particular place . . . ?

Unfortunately the confrontations which did take place during the symposium centered on questions of somewhat lesser magnitude, such as the amiable discussions among engineering college presidents on the merits of accelerated programs. When larger matters were raised, they were left hanging.

Thus, on what is probably the most momentous question ever faced by mankind, Dr. Mervin J. Kelly, president of Bell Telephone Laboratories, asserted: "It is evident . . . that by broadening the scope of the nation's scientific and technical programs to create new facilities for warfare as well as for the civilian economy, the levels of both our security and well-being are preserved and enhanced." He was followed to the platform by Lewis Mumford, who asserted the exact opposite: "The most staring example of this breach between our exquisitely rational scientific means and our irrational and dehumanized ends lies in our present colossal plans for the total extermination of whole enemy populations in a nuclear war. . . ."

As far as one can gather from the book, both gentlemen were cordially received; no one attempted to point out that if one of them was talking sense, the other was necessarily talking nonsense or worse; and the quest for brainpower went on.

Who can deny that it is a worthwhile and urgent quest?

The American Aristocrat

PHILADELPHIA GENTLEMEN. By E. Digby Baltzell. The Free Press. 400 pp. $5.75.

John W. Ward

THE CASUAL book-buyer might be misled by a delightful and imaginative dust-jacket (credit: Ellen Raskin) into thinking he is getting from E. Digby Baltzell a frivolous treatment of proper Philadelphia in the style of Cleveland Amory. He isn't. He's getting a straightforward, well documented, intelligent study of the emergence of an Eastern, urban aristocracy. The focus is on Philadelphia, but the ramifications are wide.

Mr. Baltzell is a sociologist. Given the stereotype, one must say that he writes competent prose. There is a minimum of jargon and where employed it is necessary and therefore useful. The documentation and lengthy historical description may get in the way of some readers, but it is hard to see where they could be cut. Having turned his back on the witty and (sometimes) illuminating anecdote, Mr. Baltzell has only one course open—to give us the facts and build on them.

Philadelphia Gentlemen is organized around a simple distinction between the "elite" and the "upper-class." The elite are those individuals who are successful and are leaders by virtue of their function in society; the upper-class are a "class," a group of families who now comprise the top of the social hierarchy and whose members descend from successful elite individuals of the past. The main sources are *Who's Who in America* (an index of elite individuals) and the *Social Register* (an index of upper-class individuals). One of the pleasures of *Philadelphia Gentlemen* is to see how an intelligent sociologist can derive so much from such obvious sources.

I am not a sociologist and will let Mr. Baltzell's colleagues appraise his method. But for anyone interested, like myself, in American society, *Philadelphia Gentlemen* appears to be an important book because it gets beneath some of the general stereotypes about our culture. For instance, James Burnham's simple distinction between owners and managers takes on some meaning when we know whether the elite, the managers, are or are not themselves products of the same class as the owners. Talcott Parson's belief that status in the United States is "to a high degree independent" of primary group relationships, however attractive a theory for an egalitarian society, proves not to be the case here. Bit by bit, Mr. Baltzell pieces together how family relationships, neighborhoods, schools, clubs, religious affiliations, speech patterns and occupations combine to make up an intricately interrelated group of power and prestige. The phrase, "ruling class," is no empty abstraction in this book.

Mr. Baltzell's great strength is that he has a point of view. Since an eminent American historian has, in the widely-read pages of *The New York Times*, misread *Philadelphia Gentlemen* on this score, it is worth stressing. Mr. Baltzell severely criticizes the shortcomings of the Eastern upper-class, but always as shortcomings. In a Tocquevillean analysis of American society, he sees the greatest danger today to lie in the reduction of all groups to the point where the nation becomes a homogenized mass of isolated individuals. Against this tendency, Mr. Baltzell asserts that "a traditional upper-class composed of families with long-established roots in the local community serves to balance the atomization of modern life, especially at the level of leadership." It does, that is, if it exercises leadership, if it provides society with elite individuals and remains open to elite members from other classes. If Mr. Baltzell seems at moments disenchanted with our Eastern aristocracy, it is surely because he would like to see it maintain itself by fulfilling its function in our increasingly collectivized society. It remains a question whether one can share Mr. Baltzell's hope that the upper-class can, or should, provide one of the bulwarks we need against the power of an anonymous society, but reading *Philadelphia Gentlemen* will make it an intelligent question.

JOHN W. WARD, a member of the Princeton English faculty, is the author of Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age.

Song of the Ants

Today makes 20 days
that some ants follow the same route
across 2 of these steps
never varying from the line.
Always the same line of ants
across the same 2 steps.
They may even be the same ants,
tho this would make a difference:
if the line budged one centimeter
it would make a difference.

And I do not know what the job is
or when it will be finished.

PAUL BLACKBURN

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Satire and Criticism: T. S. Eliot

THE SWEENIAD. By "Myra Buttle" (Victor Purcell). Sagamore Press. 66 pp. $2.

ON POETRY AND POETS. By T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 308 pp. $4.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

THE EARLIEST forms of criticism, undoubtedly, were the insult direct and the sly parody. Mankind never lets anything go for good, least of all any device for humbling *hubris*, and so we have amassed a formidable body of satirical texts going back to Aristophanes, at least, and embracing many literatures. The chief weapons of this body of work are comic mimicry and a deadly eye for the victim's least worthy postures. "O woe, woe," cries Ezra Pound in "Mr. Housman's Message"—

> The bird sits in the hawthorn tree
> But he dies also, presently.
> Some lads get hung, and some get shot.
> Woeful is this human lot.
>
> *Woe! woe, et cetera. . . .*

There is some parody of a similar order in *The Sweeniad*, an all-out attempt by "Myra Buttle" (Victor Purcell) to discredit the ideas, influence and poetic methods of T. S. Eliot. Mr. Purcell projects an old-fashioned dream-vision, in the course of which Eliot appears as a candidate for canonization and is supported by a Postulator and opposed by a Devil's Advocate. (In the book he is called "Sweeney"—an odd choice of name since Sweeney in Eliot's poems represents everything his creator most detests.) It is terribly late in the day for anyone to be putting forth the hackneyed complaints with which this book is stuffed: against Eliot's religious ideas, against the depth of his pessimism concerning secularized culture, against his obscurity, etc. Nor is it very convincing to read, midway through the book, that Eliot's best-known poem is "a landmark in English poetry," and that his "early verse revealed him as a master craftsman," *but* that "his reputation has been largely established . . . by interests unconnected with poetry."

The Sweeniad is more successful when it sticks to plain parody of Eliot and those poets influenced by him. Occasionally, Purcell tries to take off work that in its original form is much wittier than he can hope to match. (MacNeice's "Bagpipe Music" is an example.) But there are amusing echoes of the *Four Quartets*—"Bringing the imbedded beeswax into dim perusal"—and of *The Waste Land*, among other works. In choosing to burlesque some of Eliot's most beautiful passages, Mr. Purcell commits an error of basic strategy, but at times he hits off something in a way to draw blood: the boring side of the poet's religious preoccupation, or his fastidious horror of the physical, a horror which suggests to him a cloacal foulness in so many aspects of life.

Purcell's long prose sections (and much else) are heavily academic and preachy, and a satirist who loses his head and grows prolix is one of earth's saddest sights. Moreover, the major indignation of the book is directed against Eliot's freedom to think in his own way about both his art and his life. Philistine criticism never forgives an unorthodox approach to what had been taken for granted. That Shakespeare, for all his greatness, might in some sense be said to have failed in *Hamlet*, or that Milton's greatness might represent a peculiar triumph of his genius over the difficulties presented by his latinized diction, must never be thought of for a second! For Eliot to have entertained such thoughts, in whatever context, is regarded as a kind of treason which no amount of later elaboration or even recantation can quite wipe out. No wonder that Yeats used to write, rather wistfully, about how grateful he would be to find again a company of people who could hear a new idea proposed and follow it through without being outraged and without the solemn assumption that the man who had advanced it necessarily believed it to be true.

Is Purcell's attack on Eliot real criticism? I would say so, though it is also bad criticism. It is bad because it says nothing new, and because it does not actually see what it says it sees. It is a romantically moral, priggishly diabolistic attack, and it argues that Eliot's influence has diverted English poetry from its natural channels. These are genuine motives; a man does have the right to be priggish. But the book falls between full-fledged satire, which is permitted to be unjust if only it is powerful and generally witty and relevant, and full-fledged criticism, which is under the obligation to bear an accurate relation to the works criticized.

ELIOT himself, as a critic, does sometimes pontificate absurdly. He bullies us: "I should be inclined to doubt the genuineness of the love of poetry of any reader who did not have one or more . . . personal affections for the work of some poet of no great historical importance." He nags us: "Too many people . . . approach a play which they know to be in verse with the consciousness of the difference [from ordinary conversation]. It is unfortunate when they are repelled by verse, but can also be deplorable when they are attracted by it. . . ." Yet the same essay in which we are so nagged, "Poetry and Drama," contains the brilliant analysis of the opening scene of *Hamlet* which throws so much light on Shakespeare's technique and on Eliot's own aim as a poetic dramatist. To read this analysis, side by side perhaps with Kenneth Burke's discussion of the fourth scene in *Counter-Statement*, is to learn something of value: how the psychological expectations of the audience enter into the formal character of a work, and how the technique of a dramatist who is also a poet is affected by this consideration.

LIKE the pieces in his earlier *Selected Essays*, those in Eliot's *On Poetry and Poets* are primarily related to the concerns of a practicing poet. As he says in "The Music of Poetry," the critical work of a poet is always motivated by a desire "to defend the kind of poetry he is writing, or to formulate the kind that he wants to write. Especially when he is young, . . . he sees the poetry of the past in relation to his own." One can make no greater mistake than to criticize or exalt such pragmatic formulations in the categorical terminology of pure aesthetics. They bloom into life only in the warmer light of their authors' poetry and its development. Eliot's brief account, in the same essay, of how he learned versification—not through mechanical scansion but through "assimilation and imitation" of masters—can be illuminated by his practice in the several poems in which we see and hear the rhythms, idiom and syntax of Laforgue, or Webster, or Shakespeare, all used and transformed into something unique in Eliot. Yet all these echoes of the voices of masters, all these concerns of craftsmanship, are vital to the poems' effect and meaning. "If, as we are aware," says Eliot, "only a part of the meaning can be conveyed by paraphrase, that is because the poet is occupied with frontiers of consciousness beyond which words fail, though meanings still exist. A poem may appear to mean very different things to different readers, and all of these things may be different from what the author thought he meant. . . . The different interpretations may all be partial formulations of one thing; the ambiguities may be due

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to the fact that the poem means more, not less, than ordinary speech can communicate."

Notice that Eliot is not at all dismayed by what he is telling us! He is not "confessing" a failure of modern poetry and criticism, but defining a characteristic realization of the maker of poetry. He can even joke about "obscurity," as in his allusion to Mallarmé, "of whom the French sometimes say that his language is so peculiar that it can be understood only by foreigners." But in fact what he says is all clear and rational, for he is simply *accepting the conditions of his art* as he has learned them, and reporting the shape of poetic experience as it has been manifested to him. His essay "The Three Voices of Poetry" is one of our most lucid expositions of the modulations of speaking character employed in poems of various sorts. And of exactly what goes on as a lyric poem is brought to birth. The reader who resents the opaqueness of so many poems may learn from this exposition why "communication" in art is rarely a simple affair.

Second Impressions

Robert M. Wallace

Periodical Reviews

THREE YEARS ago, with Number 6, Vance Bourjaily suspended *Discovery* (Pocket Books, 35c ea.), one of the better serials being published by the paperback houses. The volumes sold, contributors were available, but editing a "magazine" and distributing it like a book had become too much work. A year later William Barrett, formerly editor of *Partisan Review*, writing in the very substantial *Anchor Review, Number Two* (95c), surveyed the times and the talents and concluded that the milieu is temporarily wrong for a literary *avant-garde*. Perhaps so. A seventh *Discovery* and a third *Anchor Review* are still awaited. Yet, with number 16, *New Directions* is offered in paper ($1.35), the first *Panorama: The Laurel Review* (Dell, 50c) contains a good collection of non-fiction reprints, and at least four largely original literary miscellanies are coming from the paperback publishers.

New World Writing (12 numbers, Mentor, 50c ea.), oldest and most widely read of these last, with one million copies in print, is obviously not a little magazine, though its stories are sometimes experimental, its essays unorthodox. It uses too many established writers, too many excerpts from novels, but it accepts pieces of unconventional length, including several excellent one-act plays, and is a savory middle-guard miscellany.

Modern Writing (3 numbers, Berkley, 50c ea.), edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv, is a worthy offshoot of *Partisan Review*, not merely a place for items too good to reject flatly. *New Campus Writing* (2 numbers, Bantam, 50c ea.) is disturbingly competent and professional.

The Evergreen Review ($3.50 a year, $1 ea.), a quarterly which will issue its fourth number this spring, is the little magazine of American paperbacks, made with affection and enterprise but with a little too much odor of the stable of authors. Number 2 has the San Francisco Renaissance as its theme; Numbers 1 and 3 are general, rich with Sartre, Camus, Beckett, Shorer, Hamburger, fine photographers, but with only an occasional new American writer.

Marguerite Caetani's distinguished and, it almost seems, indispensable *Botteghe Oscure*, now at Number XX (Noonday, $2), is international, multilingual, *avant-garde*, a little magazine of 600 pages, roomy enough for a writer to show his weight. It excludes essays and commentary, which are too common in the newer serials.

Different from these are Penguin's *Science News* and *New Biology* (65c ea.). *Science News 46*, now current, contains probably the best popular treatment of "The Orbit of a Satellite" and other highly competent articles summarizing knowledge most helpfully for broadly interested scientists and moderately informed laymen. This is typical of both periodicals, which are readable but uncompromisingly careful. Reviews and news notes are included.

Government

The Declaration of Independence by Carl L. Becker (Vintage, $1.25) sketches the Declaration's origins in popular political theory and the pressures and compromises of politics. Basically the same stresses, a blending of the practical with the theory in the *Smriti* (the codification of Hindu law), appear in *The White Umbrella: Indian Political Thought from Manu to Gandhi* (California, $1.50); D. Mackenzie Brown illuminates selections from eight Indian writers with his own history and analysis. See also the eloquent *Toward Freedom: The Autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru* (Beacon, $1.95), which is a revealing combination of political and personal narrative.

The continuing relevance of Becker's points is made plain by the contrast between *The "Higher Law" Background of the American Constitution* (Great Seal Books, 95c), *Harvard Law Review* articles by Edward S. Corwin, and the utterances and policies of Lincoln and Franklin D. Roosevelt. These practitioners come alive in two Rinehart editions, both offering useful editorial paraphernalia: Lincoln's *Selected Speeches, Messages, and Letters* (75c), edited by T. Harry Williams from the published *Works;* and Roosevelt's *Selected Speeches, Messages, Press Conferences, and Letters* ($1.25), edited by Basil Rauch and including some new material from Hyde Park.

Herman Melville

Call Me Ishmael by Charles Olson (Evergreen, $1.25) presents a poet's apprehension of Melville's *Moby Dick*, often suggestive, certainly right in its talk of *Lear*, madness, evil, but confused by an ejaculatory style. The convolutions of *Moby Dick* are better explained in more regular expositions, like Alfred Kazin's (Riverside Editions, 75c) and Newton Arvin's (Rinehart, 95c) in their introductions to the novel, or in Arvin's *Herman Melville* (Compass Books, $1.25), generally accepted as the best critical biography of Melville.

Evergreen published as its first title *The Confidence Man* ($1.75)—Melville's painful last spurt of productiveness in the fifties—and added *White Jacket* ($1.45), *Pierre: Or, The Ambiguities* ($2.45), and in January, *Omoo* ($1.95), his second South Sea tale and generally his most carefree book. From *Typee* (Avon, 35c), through *Redburn* (Anchor, 95c) and *The Shorter Novels of Herman Melville* (Universal Library, $1.25), most of his prose fiction is now in paper.

Miscellaneous

Prejudices: A Selection by H. L. Mencken (Vintage, $1.25), chosen and introduced by James T. Farrell, is nostalgic fun, witty and fierce by turns and often salutary, now as in 1919-1927.

The Enduring Art of Japan by Langdon Warner (Evergreen, $1.95), a graceful, variously learned book, relates aes-

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thetics to Japanese thought and customs. Profusely illustrated. See also the handsomely produced *Dance of Shiva* by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy (Noonday, $1.45), fourteen essays interpreting Indian art and culture.

The Star-Gazer: A Novel of the Life of Galileo by Zsolt de Harsanyi (Universal Library, $1.25) is a long, gripping story, remarkably faithful to the facts.

Ten Centuries of Spanish Poetry: An Anthology in English Verse with Original Texts, planned by the late Pedro Salinas and edited by Eleanor L. Turnbull (Evergreen, $2.45), emphasizes lyric and shorter narratives; the English is touched very lightly by its frequent scholastic origin.

ART

Maurice Grosser

IT IS a constant surprise to discover how different each museum is. The Metropolitan, for example, has a high, municipal opulence. The Frick is like a well-kept mansion on view in the owner's absence. The Philadelphia Museum, which I have recently visited, with its wealth of inherited private collections preserved intact, has something of the comfortable mustiness of the home of an elderly relative, while the Brooklyn Museum, more firmly departmentalized, calls to mind the beneficent efficiency and busy bareness of an educational institution or a public office.

Compared with Philadelphia, the Brooklyn Museum is not large. But its collections are easy to examine and extremely well selected. The Egyptian section is one of the finest in the country; even the Metropolitan has not its scope. The small French collection is representative and good, surprisingly good when one learns how long before their general appreciation these pictures were acquired. But the museum's great specialty is American painting. Its collection is big and constantly being enlarged, and ranges from the scrupulous, sign-painterly portraits of Colonial times to the eclecticisms of today. There is Gilbert Stuart's *George Washington* with its grandeur of pose, and its pretentiousness of background (columns, tassels, law books, and federal gold furniture) all done in the most vulgar of painting styles; Samuel Morse's *General Lafayette,* theatrically poised in front of storm and sunset under the approving eyes of the marble busts of Washington and Franklin; landscapes by Guy and Bierstadt, Cole and Cropsey; *The Last Days of Pompeii* of James Hamilton, smoldering in fire and ashes laid on with palette-knife; genre pieces by Mount and Bingham, Homer and Johnson; early Impressionism by Innes, Twachman and Robinson; many Ryders for those who like them; the finest Eakins; still-lifes by Peale, Harnett and Peto; Mary Cassatt, Sargent and Duvernick; the Ash Can school complete. Among the well-chosen examples of contemporaries—to mention only a few—Brooklyn owns a Marsh, a Raphael Soyer, a Marsden Hartley, a biting Jack Levine (an official dinner party called *Welcome Home*), a bridge by Hopper in quiet, distinguished color, and Larry Rivers' large, handsome and expressive portrait of an old woman and two boys in *The Back Yard.* There are also the celebrated groups of watercolors by Sargent and Winslow Homer.

It is somewhat disconcerting after this wealth of pictures to enter an enormous loft of period furniture arranged in severe rows like manufacturers' samples in a discount house; and to find plate glass, like the window fronts of a department store, protecting the representative series of Victorian rooms. But the displays themselves are entertaining: a Louis XV salon from Saratoga with crystal gaslight chandeliers; a hall with scenic stained-glass windows from the old Marquand house at 68th and Madison; the sitting room from the John D. Rockefeller residence at 4 West 54 Street (by Eastlake in 1884) with spindle cornices and chair backs draped in tapestry, inspired by the Alhambra and more elegant than any Pullman car.

The framework of the museum on the whole is severe. One suspects that it is not rich in endowments. But sumptuous or not, the exhibits are well-chosen, well-displayed and inventive. And when one considers the museum's art school, its collection of historical costumes, its Sunday concerts and the character of its many special exhibitions—the famous Peto show for example, or the recent exhibit of American portraiture, or the coming celebration of the Brooklyn Bridge—it becomes apparent that the Brooklyn Museum acts less as a repository for precious objects than as a vigorous institution of public education operating intelligently with the funds at its disposal.

The Philadelphia Museum is much richer; it is indeed a storehouse of treasures. If the Brooklyn Museum has somewhat the dry organization of a de-

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partment store, the Philadelphia, with its inherited collections, resembles an ancestral mansion enlarged by the heirs. It has a friendly, family air. The guards are amiable and the art students and young people one encounters seem both well-mannered and completely at home. The museum's easy good will even affects the Picasso exhibition now being held. With a few changes—some extra Cubist pieces, more prints and drawings, and a show of ceramics—this is the same exhibit shown last summer in New York. But in Philadelphia, in the large, clear, well-lighted galleries, the pictures have a gaiety, a charm, a mocking and child-like wit, that was little evident in the closed-in chambers and stern, doctrinaire atmosphere of the Museum of Modern Art.

THE CENTRAL armature of the Philadelphia Museum is a series of period rooms, complete with paintings, tapestry, woodwork and furniture, arranged as if to be lived in, some even with the comfortable, well-worn look of present occupation. In addition, the museum has set up a series of architectural reconstructions — Romanesque and Gothic portals, a Spanish cloister, an Indian temple, the interior of a Chinese palace. In these rooms and courts are many of the museum's art objects and pictures. Three important collections, however, the John G. Johnson, the Gallatin, and the Arensberg, inherited and maintained as units, are exhibited in their own private quarters.

The Johnson collection was assembled in the great days of American collecting before the first World War. It is enormous. The catalogue claims some thirteen hundred pictures, from the early Italians to the Impressionists, but principally in the old master categories. I find them unrewarding. There are many excellent pieces, but the collection is uneven in quality and the pictures are not always in the best condition. Perhaps we no longer share the aesthetic preoccupations which inspired their collection for many seem more interesting as examples than convincing as masterpieces. I suspect, however, that the fault lies less with the pictures themselves than with their number. The collection is simply too large for effective display; it would be more impressive if more firmly edited.

The modern pictures are much more lively and arresting. The Gallatin and Arensberg collections, together with the other modern works the museum displays, probably constitute the most important and representative assemblage of modern art available in America.

A. E. Gallatin was an abstract painter working in the flat, bright, angular style of the Cubist revival of the 1920s. He knew the modern painters from having worked with them, and he bought pictures with a friend's opportunities and a painter's taste. His collection is large —almost two hundred objects—limited to the stricter and more schematic kinds of abstract art, beginning with its first foreshadowing in the Cézanne watercolors, through classical Cubism, and on to its fanciful or decorative developments by men such as Mondrian, Calder or Miró. Most impressive is the number of early Cubist works by Picasso, Braque and Juan Gris. There are few great museum pieces. The pictures are small and characteristic rather than large and important.

The Arensberg collection has a wider range; it does not ignore the representational aspect of modern art. It is also incomparably richer in individually important works. Walter Arensberg was a brilliant and charming man, a very fine poet, I am told, as well, whose great passion—aside from the Baconian cipher—was modern painting. Many of his pictures he bought as early as 1913, direct from the Armory Exhibit. Marcel Duchamp, the most hermetic of modern painters and one of the greatest, advised his purchases. His collection is extraordinary. Besides a large pre-Columbian group there are some two hundred pieces of twentieth century art, including all the principal sculptures of Brancusi and Duchamp's entire artistic output. One finds all three versions of the famous *Nude Descending a Staircase* and the equally famous plate glass window with lead and painted inserts entitled *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even Marcel Duchamp*, as well as practically all the painter's early representational work and his mysterious "ready made" constructions. There is an admirable group of early Braques, Picassos and Grises; some of the finest Klees; a beautiful Rousseau of monkeys and jungle and one of Dali's most effective and sinister monsters entitled *Soft Construction with Boiled Beans*; de Chiricos, Mirós, Derains, Légers, Ernsts, as well as examples of painters one does not ordinarily see, like Picabia and Gleizes. Nothing, in fact, but what is exceptionally rare, exceptionally fine or exceptionally interesting. No other single collection of modern art has such variety and quality.

COLLECTIONS even as fine as these are always something of a problem to a museum. They are the principal source of its pictures and must be unconditionally accepted. The real purpose of the gift, however, is to commemorate the donor, who insists that it be preserved intact. For as long as possible his wishes are observed. But the works themselves are more important than their grouping. Eventually, before any one has realized it, the pictures have been rearranged, the uninteresting works have disappeared, schools are reunited, collections are coalesced, and the museum has achieved its real end—to present and describe, not its benefactor's name and triumphs, but the history of art and the traditions of painting.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

WHEN the Polish-born conductor, Paul Kletzki, made his first New York appearance recently at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra, critical attention focused upon him with considerable intensity. Only a few days earlier, it had been announced that the Dallas Symphony, formerly led by Walter Hendl, had contracted Kletzki as music director for the 1958-59 season. Officials of the orchestra, it is said, had heard him conduct a pair of concerts in Cincinnati last month; had invited him to Dallas; and speedily fixed upon an agreement. Since this was Kletzki's first visit to the United States and only his recorded performances had been heard here, I was particularly eager to hear what had so impressed the Dallas officials. After all, in view of the competition that exists for conducting positions in this country, a competition that sends many of our native musicians abroad in painful search of opportunities and keeps a number of them immured on the podiums of semi-amateur orchestras when they are ready and yearning to move on to the professional scene—in view of this situation, the assignment of the Dallas post to a relatively unfamiliar European conductor is an expression of no small trust in his abilities and an event of national interest.

No one can pretend to know *all* about a conductor from a single sampling of his work. But Kletzki, as if he wished to give New York both an evening of

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good music and a broad overview of his interpretive powers, scheduled a program that was unusually comprehensive from a stylistic point of view. It began with Brahms's *Symphony No. 4 in E Minor*, a familiar masterwork from the German school; included Debussy's *La Mer*, a work of equal importance and familiarity from the French reportory; and bridged the aesthetic gap between them with Arthur Honegger's *Symphony No. 2 for Strings and Trumpet*. From such a program (and considering further that the Philadelphia Orchestra's quality and characteristics are well known), it is possible to draw some conclusions.

TO BEGIN with Kletzki's reading of the first work on the program—Brahms's Fourth Symphony—I can only say that his approach to it was the most peculiar I have ever heard. His tempi were slow enough to place the interpretation roughly into the category of Germanic performances. But a truly German reading of Brahms, in addition to maintaining a leisurely pace, gives a certain sonorous weight and roundness to the lines and masses, so that they can be sculpted into an entity of the requisite nobility. The sonority Kletzki drew from the orchestra in this work was, if anything, scattered and unresonant; even a bit dry. Indeed, had I not known it was the Philadelphia Orchestra sitting there before me, I would never have guessed it from the sound. The woodwinds (which I have *never* heard play out of tune) were faintly off pitch; the strings seemed to have lost their legendary richness and polish; even the orchestra's "ensemble" was of a lower order than I have ever known it to be. As for interpretation, the music sounded bumpy, disjointed and lacking in thrust. Movements began, generally, at dangerously lethargic speeds and grew progressively slower. For the first time, I found it difficult even to keep my mind on this music. And the Wagnerian approach that Kletzki adopted for the Andante's final measures would certainly have stirred argument in the days when the Brahmsians and the Wagnerites were still tearing at each other's hair.

Playing Brahms (or any other old music) at a slow tempo is a tricky business. We all know that this composer's time-sense was easy-going; that performances of his music nowadays are more apt to hurry his tempi than to hold them back. But, in the search for an ideal speed, many things have to be considered. Primary among them is the fact that, when a conductor or performer elects to play a piece by Brahms at a pace that approaches musicological accuracy, he must still sustain the music's forward drive, its sense of volition, and keep it from dying on its feet. If he adopts that most dangerous and potentially complicated of all techniques—the one of slowing down at various places in order to emphasize an element of form or the arrival of a special melody—he must be particularly adroit. Otherwise, the music will simply grow stagnant, the overemphasized joints will become almost blemishes, melodies will be vitiated before they have a chance to sing—and the audience will go to sleep. I did not see any nodding heads in Carnegie Hall. Neither did I observe the attitude of raptness which lays itself over a really "captured" audience. As I have said, I found it difficult to maintain more than a listless, thwarted identification with this magnificent music.

In Debussy's *La Mer*, Kletzki drew a different sound from the orchestra, a handsomely balanced and resonant one, less opulent than that produced by the Philadelphia Orchestra when Eugene Ormandy conducts it, but thoroughly admirable and suitable to the music. Despite its pleasing general effect, however, *La Mer*, too, turned out to be a disappointment. Throughout the first movement, From Dawn to Noon on the Sea, climaxes were, as if by intention, systematically blunted. The music seemed small and suppressed until the last few bars, where it moved to a higher dynamic level. But, even there, I felt the frustration that comes when a major musical climax is incompletely expressed. The final movement, Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea, lacked drama. And in the second section, Play of the Waves, the conductor again had recourse to his habit of slowing down for emphasis. As in the Brahms Symphony, it robbed the music of energy and drive. I could not help wishing that Debussy's waves could just roll along at their own, natural speed.

From a performance standpoint, the evening's most rewarding moments came in the Honegger symphony for strings; specifically in its second movement. This portion of the symphony, considered by itself, is an incredible creative achievement, and I cannot think of another piece of contemporary writing that exceeds it in directness and intensity of expression. It is terribly sad—almost unbearably bereft and agonized of spirit. Whether the fact that it was composed in Paris during the Occupation really had anything to do with its mood, as the program notes affirmed, I do not know. Usually, such tie-ups are inaccurate. But whatever the source of Honegger's message, the long, elevated song

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that constitutes a good part of it is sustained with a concentration that would be excessive if it were not so right. Kletzki's direction of this Adagio mesto was thoroughly convincing. He let the strings dig in and sing, kept the pulse moving along, and did not flinch before the music's unrelieved vehemence. In the first and third movements, where the musical materials are somewhat weaker, I believe he could have made more compensation for the composer's lapses of self-criticism. But since I have found so little to praise in his conducting on this occasion, perhaps I should let that burden rest on the composer's shoulders.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

IT doesn't bother me that Joseph Mankiewicz has almost exactly reversed the point of *The Quiet American*. I don't much admire the book—except as melodrama, and the picture does full justice to that aspect of Graham Greene's talent. As political preachment, Greene's anti-Americanism is too simple—based more on nerves than on reason, more on a refined distaste for our wealth, pious vulgarity and sunny mediocrity than on the real shortcomings of our foreign relations. Americans can be painfully conspicuous and painfully self-righteous, but the present and recent sorrows of the Far East do not really stem from the well-intentioned blunderings of boy scouts in convertible Buicks and, considering the various and dubious roles played out there by French, English, Chinese and Russians, it is absurd to suggest that some kind of gentlemanly accord would prevail if only the Yankees would go home. Moreover, Greene is again up to the trick of so compromising his protagonist that the moral ground becomes quaky and the author in effect evades responsibility for his thesis.

So, what with his patronizing the American rube and his shiftiness under moral scrutiny, I was more amused than not by the way Hollywood has put Greene's yarn through the looking glass. Now, it seems that Pyle, the quiet American, was not at all running contraband explosives to a Vietnam war lord; he was only acting as an unofficial and idealistic advance man for a former Vietnam statesman in exile (and he was severely checked by Washington for his relatively innocuous meddling). And Fowler, the weary, amoral but infinitely wise and civilized Britisher, now puts Pyle on the spot quite specifically because he wants back the docile mistress whom the American has filched from him for the outlandish purpose of marriage. It is no longer a question of saving Vietnam from bleeding to death because of the irresponsible American zeal for life, liberty and free enterprise; it is a question of an aging man fighting for the last mate he is likely to have and using a craven means to his end.

This ridiculous plot switch was inevitable once the film rights had been sold to Hollywood—American moviegoers are not going to pay to be kicked in the teeth by their British betters—and since the yarn is still a corker and played with great style by Michael Redgrave, Audie Murphy and Claude Dauphin as the French police inspector, my requirements are satisfied. But if Greene was really serious in his novel—and not traducing the Americans because it is the fashionable thing to do or because he was exasperated by the moist chumminess of American do-gooders—it is a wonder he lets this travesty of his story pass unchallenged.

ANOTHER well-known novel that has recently been made into a movie is *The Brothers Karamazov*. As the first scene opened on the screen, a lady in back of me remarked, "Oh, it's in Russia!" so I see that there is no point to taking up the subtler distortions of the adaptation. We go to this picture to see Yul Brynner. As a gauge in the change of emphasis, though, Father Zossima has been reduced to a bit part.

Richard Brooks, author of the script and director of the film, has streamlined the story to an account of the joys and tribulations of Dmitri, the impulsive Karmazov. Dmitri was a lively one, in all truth, and the picture has many of the qualities of a good chase movie—including a rather implausible plot. It turns out that when Dostoevski is foreshortened in this way, his characters become odd, not to say barmy. I defy anyone who has not read the book to figure out what part Ivan (Richard Basehart) plays in the tangle of love and hate. These people are not really as simple as cowboys and saloon girls; when they are treated as though they were, they are not nearly as convincing as the regular characters of the horse dramas.

However, Brynner is both dashing and every mother's foolish, generous boy, and Maria Schell as Grushenka is exceedingly come hither—if you don't mind pink hair, which is how her wig photographs in color. Albert Salmi as Smerdyakov is a virtuoso worm (no Satan here) and Lee Cobb at least manages to show that the father is a painful buffoon. Cobb has the most strikingly identifiable voice in show business; he sounds like an American crook talking through a kulak beard. I was sorry that Katya (Claire Bloom) was turned into an implacable villain—so much forgiveness and understanding is tossed about in the picture, that a little might have been spared for her. The gypsy orchestra is inspiriting and there are at least two full-scale orgies.

As big money action pictures go, this is a good one. I wish I could get over the idea that there is something obscene about it.

A GOOD deal of the pleasure in *Witness for the Prosecution* rests in the splendid surprise gimmick Agatha Christie employed in the construction of it, and I'm not sure that I would recommend the picture to those who know the trick. It can be a weary business waiting for the actors to catch up with you. But for anyone who has not read the book or seen the play or been told the secret by ruthless friends (can there be any such?) the picture is a fair treat. Courtroom melodrama is riotous carnival to virtuoso actors—put a wig on Charles Laughton and he begins to quiver as though from some internal combustion. And when you back him up with two such extravagent personalities as Marlene Dietrich and Elsa Lancaster, you have assured a stew of seething tension. It is a great credit to Tyrone Power that he holds his own in the comparatively inactive role of defendant before the bar and occasion for all the histrionics. Arthur Hornblow has directed the picture in the best Old Bailey style of controlled and traditional savagery — he could scarcely have missed with that script and that cast. So if you don't know what Miss Christie had up her sleeve, it would be a shame to miss this frivolous masterpiece.

Gannets' Bath

Rumbling
harsh!
tumbling
harsh!
rolled over shingle
cold over stone
gull-crazy
whale-weary
stumbling
harsh!
where man's not mothered
nor grain's not gathered
but sun salt-smothered
in that cold realm.

FRANCIS SPARSHOTT

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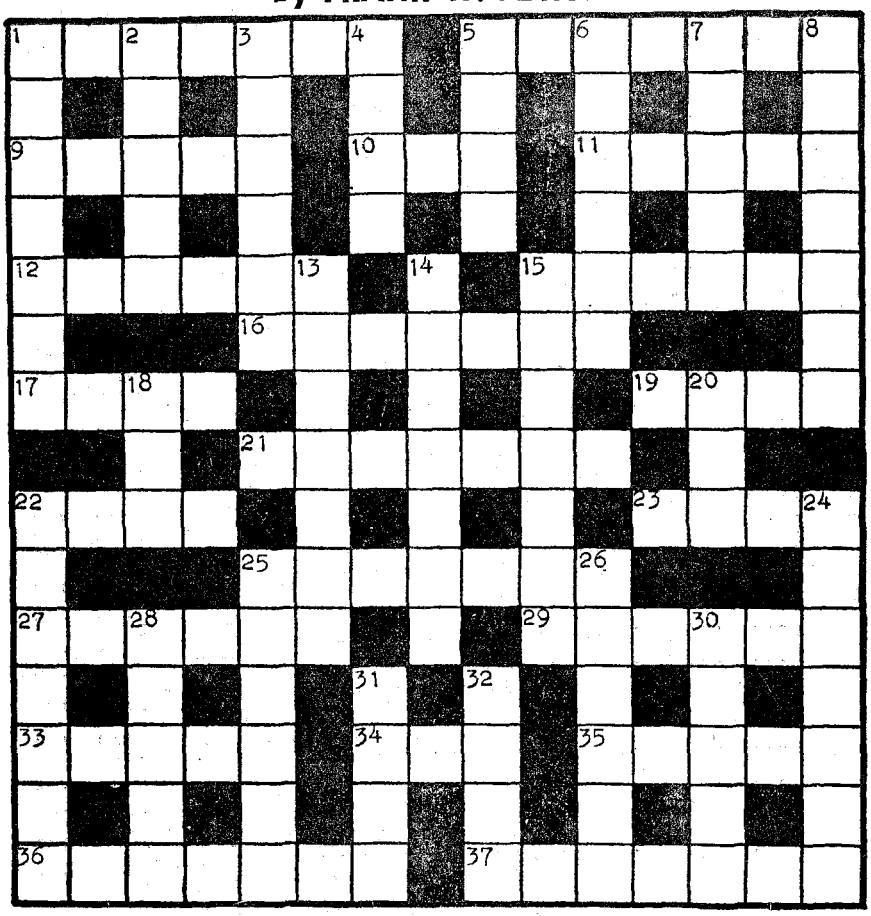
Crossword Puzzle No. 762

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 19 across
5 Is there perhaps an early post office association with it? (7)
9 See 17 across
10 11 doesn't get on like 7 without 9. (3)
11 Lily's relative on either side of one! (5)
12 See 19 across
15 One who laments for the more intense? (6)
16 and 29 A domestic variety of 32 shouldn't grow so. (4, 3, 6)
17 and 9 Several, if thrown your way, might imply an emergency. (4, 5)
19, 12, and 1 across What might be precipitated with one who shares a source of supply at the opera, perhaps, implies true comradeship. (4, 6, 4, 3)
21 Cuts a measure inside and gets well developed. (7)
22 What some people have to pay for the job? (4)
23 Might be 8 with a not uninteresting form of 24, but it has its point! (4)
25 Writes something to 10 which is received after retiring. (7)
27 Admonition to lead, or sever important conections. (6)
29 See 16 across
33 This brings back what to do when the light's too bright. Scared? (5)
34 This bird might be recognized to a greater extent by its sound! (3)
35 A memorable spot in one big southern state, or two little ones. (5)
36 Do they imply stern control? (7)
37 Give evidence of somewhat less than the best and highest point. (7)

DOWN:

1, 4 and 5 down Undernourished royalty with a longing for an unrealistic approach. (7, 8)
2 Even a woman in her fifties makes it! (5)
3 It takes the essential part to spoil a quarrel! (6)
4 and 5 See 1 down
6 What slides with a little inside work certainly isn't 2. (6)
7 He was quite attached to his revolver. (5)
8 Can't be specific with at least one star. (7)
13 The head of one gets confused indeed, but somewhat extended. (7)
14 Part of a sultan's collection, but the wrong faces are inside all right! (7)
15 Expertness is in work now, however difficult. (7)
18 and 28 Sounded other than 4, headed for one's place. (8)
20 Proverbial vanishing point, when 4. (3)
22 He should have a point when one animal swallows another! (7)
24 Naval components might be sent here when exhausted and cut off. (3, 4)
25 Might be used to mix, or slightly more than mix. (6)
26 Certainly the race isn't fixed, but you might consider it a sort of plum. (6)
28 See 18 down
30 The sort of stand renters sometimes take. (5)
31 Birds with the makeup of Clio, for example. (4)
32 Cordelia when freed? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 761

ACROSS: 4 ASCOT TIE; 10 AREAWAY; 11 INKBALL; 12 STEER; 14 and 16 down MAINSAIL; 15 MALTA; 17 WOODSHED; 21 PARLEYED; 23 BEFIT; 26 ROAST; 28 GEE; 29 BARGE; 30 and 13 BATTLESHIP; 31 TORCHES; 32 SIDESHOW; 33 SHAMED. DOWN: 1 TRANSOMS; 3 and 29 down LOWER BERTH; 5 SKIMP; 6 OAKUM; 7 TEATIME; 8 ENLIST; 9 BY THE WAY; 18 ODDMENTS; 19 and 1 across SUBTOTAL; 20 STRESSED; 22 ADAPTED; 24, 2 and 27 FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS; 25 TRIBES; 28 GUSTO.

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